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## ZION'S HERALD.

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## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

ON THE DOCTRINE OF THE FINAL PERSISTENCE OF THE SAINTS.

## ESSAY I.

In presenting these essays to the public, the writer would cherish due deference to the opinions of those who may differ from him on points of doctrine; and should there, in the discussion, appear some severity, he desires it may not be ascribed to unfriendly feelings towards his Christian brethren; but to that necessity, which obliges an honest man to be plain, when he would relate what he considers to be dangerous error.  
The doctrine of the perseverance of the saints, has been represented by some as conditional—that the promises made to them in the Bible, are on condition of their obedience, and that they may, in some instances, have failed of the promised blessings, by not fulfilling the conditions with which they are connected. Others have represented that the perseverance of the saints is not conditional, and that the soul truly converted, regenerated, and born again, cannot so far fall away as to perish. This last sentiment it is our purpose now to examine.

In supporting this doctrine it has been affirmed, such are the dispositions of the truly regenerate that they will persevere; that the power and grace of God is so exercised for their preservation, that they cannot fall; that when any of them fall into sin, they are left to it; that they may be tried; and if they do fall into sin, they will be brought back again. We shall consider these points separately, that we may ascertain whether they conclude in favor of the doctrine of the infallible perseverance of the saints.

1. That the dispositions of all who have been truly regenerated have not ensured their certain perseverance, the following facts clearly prove. David was once a man after God's own heart; yet, he fell into the most heinous crimes; and from his history we have the fullest evidence that he remained in a state of impenitent indifference, perhaps more than a year, when he was reproved for his great transgression by Nathan. Solomon, the wisest man, fell into idolatry and other heinous vices, and continued in them even to old age, and, according to Josephus, died "ingloriously." Peter, though an apostle of Jesus Christ, fell into falsehood, profane, and perjury. Hymeneus and Alexander made shipwreck of both faith and a good conscience. In short every instance of backsliding left upon record in the word of God, is direct proof that the dispositions of Christians do not certainly ensure their perseverance, and all attempts to prove it from this consideration must be in vain.

2. The power and grace of God, exercised in keeping Christians, is not exerted in such a manner as to ensure them against the possibility of apostasy. The instances we have named, David, Solomon, Peter, &c. prove beyond all reasonable contradiction, that they did fall into the most flagrant sins, the power and grace of God by which they had been kept, to the contrary, notwithstanding. Christians are repeatedly exhorted to persevere, and cautioned against falling, in the scriptures; which would not have been done, were there no possibility of danger of it. They are warned against grieving and quenching the Holy Spirit; but if the operations of the Spirit were absolute and irresistible, this would not have been done. From all these considerations, we may safely conclude, not that it is impossible for saints to fall, they being preserved by the power and Spirit of God; but that the power and grace of God is exercised in a way consistently with their state of probation and accountability. St. Peter instructs us, that saints "are kept by the power of God through faith." The conclusion, therefore, is, that the condition of their being kept by the power of God, is, that they shall be faithful; that the power of God, or exercise of faith belongs to the creature. When the creature ceases to exercise this grace he falls into unbelief and sin, and consequently from the grace and power of God by which he had been kept, and he cannot claim the promises of God to keep him until he returns by repentance and faith. It would not be at all satisfying to say that God so gives and preserves faith, that his power does not fail to secure the saints against apostasy; for the instances of David and others have named prove the contrary.

3. Could the advocates for the final perseverance of saints prove from the scriptures that God ever leaves a Christian, unless he first leaves God, there would be more propriety in the expression God leaves them than they may be tried. But this is mere assumption, and cannot be proved. Most certainly sin is the destroyer of virtue. David's fall into adultery and murder; Solomon's into idolatry, and Peter's into lying and profaneness, destroyed the chastity and the love of our neighbor in the first; reverence for the worship of the true God in the second; truth, and a godly conversation in the last. Their miserable fall did not try but destroy their piety. And is being kept and preserved in a state of regeneration by the grace and power of God consistent with the commission of such notorious sins? It cannot be; and the system, therefore, fraught with such consequences, cannot be true.

4. To affirm, that all who "fall foully," or into "very gross sins" after they have been born again, shall certainly or infallibly be brought back, is an assertion not supported by the scriptures. Could the advocates of this doctrine produce, from the word of God, promises, which assure all backsliders from true religion, a certain and infallible return to God, it would be the proof that the system requires; but this can never be done, and the labor to support final perseverance, from this consideration, will ever be unavailing.

If the truly regenerated have power to resist the spirit and power of God, so much as to "fall into gross" sins; may they not, by the same power, continue in these sins, and so never return to God? It is not denied that backsliders may return to God, and obtain pardon; but that they will, is the point

which ought to be proved. Can the advocates of this doctrine prove that all who have apostatized from true piety, were brought back? or that all who have apostatized and died impenitent never were truly regenerate? If neither of the foregoing positions considered separately prove the absolute perseverance of the saints, they cannot when considered altogether.

We have intimated that faith is the condition of Christians being kept by the power and grace of God. This point we shall now prove. "He that believeth shall be saved." Mark xvi. 16. "Thou standest by faith." Rom. ii. 20. "To present you holy and unblemished and unrepentant in his sight; if ye continue in the faith," &c. Col. i. 22, 23. "Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." 1 Pet. i. 9. From these passages, and many others speaking the same truth, it is clear, that faith, believing, continuing in the faith, "standing fast in the faith," are the conditions of our perseverance in the grace of God, and of our final salvation.

I shall close this essay, by showing that faith the instrument or condition of our being kept unto salvation, may be lost, which will clearly conclude in favor of conditional perseverance, or the possibility of falling from the grace and favor of God. "Holding fast a good conscience; which some having put away concerning faith, have made shipwreck; of whom is Hymeneus and Alexander." 1 Tim. i. 19, 20.

If this faith was not good and saving St. Paul would not have exhorted Timothy to hold it. A mere speculative faith could not have produced a good conscience; nor could it have been shipwrecked if unconditional perseverance be true. They had a good faith and lost it; and, of course, failed of the promises by not fulfilling the conditions. "Well; because of unbelief they were broken off." Rom. xi. 20. If they had never stood by faith, they could not have been broken off because of unbelief; nor could they have been broken off because of unbelief, if faith, the condition of salvation, might not be lost. "Now the just shall live by faith, but if any man draw back, my soul hath no pleasure in him." The favor and grace of God may be lost by the soul that ceases to live by faith, and thus draws back from God.

## THE BUSY WORLD.

Could we distinctly bring before our imaginations the millions of the human race in all their various and diversified employments and pursuits, what a subject for contemplation would be presented to the serious and reflecting mind! Eight hundred millions of intelligent beings, from the low and untutored savage who roams the forest, to the high and cultivated mind that explores the vast fields of science and travels the pathway of the skies—all moving on in different paths, forming different shades of character, under different forms of government, and with different objects of pursuit.

Mankind may, with propriety, be divided into three classes. The first class are those whom God has been pleased to favor with superior intellects, or greater wealth than the rest of their fellow beings. These are comparatively of noble birth, and are found in every clime, and in every country, walking forth erect in the greatness of their strength—anxiously watching every opportunity to wield the sceptre of dominion, and over-awe and bring in subjection all beneath them. They consider themselves as the favorites of heaven, and for a shade of difference in opinion in matters of but little moment, with those whom they consider of the same rank and station, the horse is girt for battle, armies are called out, and the matter settled by the slaughter of thousands of human beings—defiling the land with blood, and filling the world with widows and orphans. How consequential is man, and how high is he held in his own estimation!

A second more numerous, and happier class of mankind, are those who rank middle way between the high and the low. Though they may be considered happy when compared with the more high and elevated, yet how far are they from being perfectly happy and contented. If we just glance at them as they are scattered over the face of the earth, what a scene do we behold! Here we see some laboring and toiling night and day, rising up early and sitting up late, and eating the bread of carefulness, to amass and hoard up wealth for—they know not who. Others we behold braving the cannon's mouth to gain a fame that is, ordinarily, as ephemeral as the morning dew. And thus they press forward, urging their way until death comes and closes the scene.

The third and last class are those from whom wealth, and honor, and distinction are, for wise reasons, withheld. These, with few exceptions, are always repining. They are continually looking up to the rich and powerful as the only happy ones on earth—forgetting that where there is much wealth there is much sorrow; and where there is great power there is great anxiety of mind. But this they do not consider; the trappings of the great are continually dazzling before their eyes, and they fancy that all is gold that glitters, and they sigh and groan to throw the burdens from their backs, and flit from flower to flower, like the butterfly, as they suppose the great to do, and sip pleasure and delight from every object.

Such is now the state of our world; once the paradise of man; the seat of innocence, and purity, and perfect enjoyment. But oh, how fallen! Sin has entered it, and therefore do we weep. Its withering touch has marred and blighted all God's beautiful works—laid waste the fairest prospects, and spread desolation and misery in every path. D. A. T.

## PIETY IN POVERTY.

Twilight had just made its appearance, after an unusually mild day, when a poorly clad, yet interesting little boy requested me to visit his dying mother. It was at a distance from the village, situated in a retired spot, surrounded only by woods, through which there gently glided a beautiful little stream. Had the poor cottage been comfortable, the scenery would have inspired the most devout feelings, even in a cold heart, though blended with solemnity at the recollection that one was about quitting for ever the scenes of mortality. But it was far otherwise. As I entered the habitation, if such it could be called, for it looked more like a hovel, I was greeted with all the affection of a messenger of relief. Its only inmates then consisted of a distressed female with four little children clinging to her bedside, with countenances which too plainly told the want of every comfort in life, and whose only anxiety was, "will my dear mother die?" In one end of the apartment lay a few bundles of straw, which, with no clothes, formed their only place of repose. In another corner was a table, two or three broken chairs, a straw bed with some miserable clothing, on which lay the helpless mother, lingering beneath the fatal hand of disease. I held in my hand some bread, with a little wine and other necessities prepared for her situation; she reached me her hand, but gratitude had excited too many deep feelings to permit utterance. "The tear stood in her eye," and yet her countenance evinced that those eyes were

placed upon unearthly objects. After some inquiry relative to her present wants, she gave me a history of her situation—of her sufferings, the recital of which would make the coldest heart break with sympathy. "But it is well," she said, as she wiped the tear from her pale and almost cold cheek "it is all well; a few days and I am beyond their reach, and my heavenly Father—precious name! Ah! then these light afflictions shall have worked out for me an eternal weight of glory"—But, madam, interrupting her, amid all your sufferings, you appear happy.—"Yes; though storm is without, it is tranquil in my soul. But for my Saviour I were wretched indeed; but in him I have hope, immortal hope—and he maketh me, even me, to be down in green pastures; he feedeth my soul as a shepherd, and though I walk through the valley of death, he will comfort and sustain me." But of your dear children—again interrupting her. "Oh! they are poor indeed without a guide, without a home, but he hath promised to be their father and God, and how shall I distrust him? They, even they shall be better dealt with than by me."

With a countenance that of a truth, "spoke unutterable things"—with a patience equalled only in the character of Job—with a mind as unruined as a summer's lake—a heart already in heaven, and a confidence and faith which bid defiance to the storms of life, she lingered a few hours, and then rose to her long sought rest.

I retired deeply affected, but instructed. What, said I, hath done all this? Her cold philosophy breathed upon her his chilled breast, that she might die as an unconscious heathen? She bore witness against it. Has apathy or affliction made her lonelier the things of time? But with these she was happy. For the small pittance which Heaven had allowed her, she was thankful, joyful; nay, devoutly so. What then gave fortitude, calmness in the hour of trial and dissolution? Let her dying tongue bear the story—and as it drops from her quivering lips, let the living listen and lay it to heart. "It was Christ formed within her the hope of glory." It was piety, ardent, unwavering in all her steps.

Woman in many a scene—  
But never by the side of woman yet  
Such thrilling, and unearthly feelings stole  
Across my overcharged heart, as when I saw  
That pious soul, in life's last hour, triumphing  
In her God!"

NICANOR.

## MISCELLANY.

From the New York Observer.

## SHENANDOAH'S SPEECH.

ONEIDA CASTLE, Aug. 16, 1827.  
My dear Friend,—The following is a copy of a *Shenandoah's* speech, which I promised to send you, and with which you appeared to be so well pleased when at my house. It is several years since the occurrences took place which gave rise to it. Messengers had arrived from Albany with the intelligence that the pagan party of their tribe had sold their lands—their Castle—together with most of the improvements.—Some were grieved and complained of broken hearts; others raged, and apparently breathed vengeance against those who had deprived them of their property; and particularly against the Whites. The venerable Shenandoah, who was then totally blind, assembled a numerous council of his tribe, at his dwelling, and attempted to soothe and comfort the minds of his afflicted people, by directing their thoughts to the providence of God; the difference between the righteous and the wicked; and to the final judgment of the quick and the dead by Jesus Christ. Two messengers were also despatched to the western tribes to acquaint them with the loss. Shenandoah was supposed to be a hundred and fourteen years old when he died.

## SPEECH.

"My Warriors and Children,—Hear. It is cruel. It is very cruel. My heart is overwhelmed and sick. This is a day of darkness. The clouds hanging over the Oneida nation, are black and heavy. A mighty arm lies heavy upon us, and our hearts are groaning under its weight. Our fires are extinguished, and our beds removed from under us. The graves of our fathers are destroyed, and their sons are to be driven away. The anger of the Almighty God is upon us; for we have been wicked. Therefore his arm doth not keep us. Where now are the Indian chiefs towards the rising sun? White chiefs now kindle their ancient fires.—There no Indian sleeps, but he who sleeps in the grave. My house will soon be like theirs; soon will come white men here kindle his fire. Your Shenandoah will soon be no more, and his village will no longer be a village of Indians. The evil tidings which our men have brought from Albany, have made this day of sickness in Oneida. The hearts of all our children are sick, and our eyes are like to rain—as the black cloud when it soars among the tops of the trees of the wilderness. Long did the powerful voice of Shenandoah cry—'My children take heed—be wise—be upright.' Shenandoah's feet were then swift as the deer—and his arms strong like those of the bear. Now he can only mourn out a few words, and then be silent. Soon his voice will cease in Oneida. But he will surely remain long in the hearts of children—long in the minds of white men. Shenandoah's name hath gone far, and shall not die. He hath spoken many words, that he might give wisdom to his children, and render them upright. Long hath he said, drink no strong drink; it renders you like mice for the whites, who, like cats, are watching for their prey. Many of you have been chased, caught and devoured. Their mouth is a snare—and their way like the fox. Their lips are sweet—but their hearts are wicked. Still there are white men and Indians that are good. I love all good men. And Jesus, whom I love, sees all.—His great day is coming—He will make all right. He will say to deceiving whites, and drinking Indians, 'Begone ye, begone ye—Go, go, go.' Surely, my children, he will banish them from heaven. In that day shall I rejoice. But, ah! how is my soul grieved with the sad thought, that many of my children shall then mourn! The great Jesus hath beheld all the frauds which men have practised upon us and it will remain in his mind. He will make all things right. Long have I believed his good word, and as long as I live will I pray to Him—he is my good Saviour—my blind eyes He will open. I shall see Him. His way is a good way."

Hearken, my children. When this sorrowful news shall sound in the great Council House towards the setting sun, and the chiefs of the Six Nations shall hear and send the same news to the great Council by the great Lake, near the setting sun—then those who are near the setting sun will cry—'Make bows and arrows—sharpen the tomahawk—put the chain of friendship with the whites in the ground—war—war—kill—kill.' The great chief near the setting sun wants war, because the Six Nations have a chain of friendship with the whites—he slays them when they come on his land. He says the whites have made us wicked like themselves. He will say that we have sold our Castle. We have not sold it. We have been defrauded. My messengers shall speak truth in the

great Council House towards the setting sun—and yet say—'Bury the tomahawk—Oneida's must be children of peace. It has been said by some that your chiefs sold your land to white men, and signed papers—your chiefs signed no papers; sooner would they suffer the tomahawk to lay them low. It is known that one of our men was hired by the whites to tell you so. He is now present, and will confess it. Papers are dangerous. Take heed—sign no papers, but those which are previously read to you by our minister. He is upright. We now see his tears rolling with ours. Father, you are our minister—dry up your tears. We know that your arm would help us, if it could. We know that wicked men speak ill of you for our sakes. You suffer with us. But you are the servant of Jesus, and he will love you no less, for loving Indians. Children, our two messengers will run, and carry our sorrows to the great Council Fire towards the setting sun. Run—my children—and tell our words. Give health to all the chiefs assembled around the great fire, and may Jesus, the Great Saviour, bring you back in safety."

## MOUNT BLANC, IN SWITZERLAND.

In July last, two Englishmen, Mr. Charles Fellows, and William Hawes, ascended this mountain. Their narrative of the adventure is published in the London Observer, of September 2. The following is a specimen of what they experienced in the course of the excursion:—

"We had now proceeded to within about 1000 feet of the summit; several of our guides' noses began to bleed, and almost all to spit blood. I also experienced the latter inconvenience, but my friend did not; our respiration was much affected, being unable to walk more than six or eight steps without stopping to recover breath. On arriving at a small point of granite rock, which just appears above the snow, about three hundred feet from the highest point, we stopped to break off some small pieces, as relics, being the highest visible rock on the mountain. Here two of our guides seemed quite exhausted; they were very sick, and threw up a large quantity of blood. We most of us experienced indications of internal loss of blood. Our faces were much blistered, apparently from the reflection of the snow. The cold was intense—even the ropes by which we were tied were frozen quite stiff. With slow steps and frequent rest (not from fatigue, but difficulty of breathing) we reached the summit, at twenty minutes past two o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th of July, 1827. We now stood 15,665 feet above the level of the sea, and on the highest spot in Europe. We all assembled (except the two guides, who were ill, and did not arrive till we began to return) and after congratulating each other, drank the general toast, 'Health to all below.' We were much favored in the day, no clouds rose so high as we were standing, and the whole country was cloudless, excepting the distant valleys of Italy, which appeared as if filled with wool. Clouds also seemed lying over the country between Marseilles and Lyons, all else was beautifully clear, and lay as a map beneath; while near us for miles we seemed surrounded with snow. The valley of the Chamouni (the Chablais and larger houses of Chamouni were visible); the whole lake of Geneva, except the neighborhood of Lausanne which was hidden by a mountain rising abruptly from the lake; the Jura mountains, Lake of Neuchâtel, a series of Alps ranging into Italy, Mount Rosa, and lesser mountains interminable; the valley of Piedmont, and in every valley the silvery track of rivers. Of colors we saw but little variety; from the immense distance the boasted green valleys were as the mountains that surrounded them. The summit of Mount Blanc I paced, and found it to be somewhat in form of an egg, about 150 feet long and 50 wide—an inclined plane, the higher towards Chamouni. We tried to pass, but the Swiss chain of the guides was even less harmonious than usual, owing to the want of vibratory power in the atmosphere. Birds, I believe are unable to fly in this region—we saw none; but while at the top, a Puffin blew with great rapidity over our heads, and we saw another in descending. The Italian side of Mount Blanc is quite inaccessible, being one Glacier from the summit to the valley. We were fortunate enough to hear an avalanche while at the top—it was heard, I should think, for four minutes. The descent, which began at three o'clock, was so totally different to the ascent, that we forgot our past labors, and started with the spirit of a fresh undertaking. We were now only tied to one guide. The mode of travelling down the deeps of snow, is sitting behind our guide, with our legs round his body—he then raises his own feet from the snow, and we descend with incredible velocity, frequently seven hundred feet at a time. In this manner we soon breathed again a more suitable air, and entirely lost the unpleasant effects experienced above. Clouds, which had begun to rise from the eastern mountain, now encircled us, and we were in a snow storm which lasted nearly two hours, greatly increasing our danger, and preventing our seeing above twenty yards before us. Arriving near the Grand Plateau, we heard the thunder of an avalanche close to us; we stood still, not knowing in what direction it was coming, but soon found by the agitation of the snow, and the bounding of a block of ice, that it was immediately before us. During the remainder of our journey to the Grand Mulet, we found the snow so soft, that at each step we sunk in above our knees, making us wet and cold, and on our arrival we found that the cloud in which we had been enveloped, extended to this region, and all our bedding, cloaks, &c. were as wet as ourselves. Seeing every prospect of an uncomfortable night, and that it was now only six o'clock, we proposed continuing our journey, and attempting to reach Chamouni by midnight; but on examining the route, we found that in our absence the whole surface of the mountain had been changed by the largest avalanche known for several years. To cut a new path at this time was impossible, so we reluctantly took up our quarters on the bare rock, where we had not lain long before a heavy rain commenced, and continued without intermission for several hours.

I frequently squeezed the water from my cap, and found the silk tassel at the top frozen. In this state, of course sleeping was impossible, and I counted during an hour and three quarters, seven avalanches. Our faces suffered extreme pain owing to the cold. Long looked for daylight at last appeared, and at half past three o'clock, after having lost wine and water, we again started on our route towards the valley. The difficulties and dangers here experienced were far greater than any heretofore encountered; after many perils we descended at the foot of a cliff of ice, which hung over us; it was 200 feet high, and in front of it was a deep crevice down the sides of which we had to cut holes for our hands and feet; this operation our guides said would take a quarter of an hour: for this period we had to wait in a situation from which our oldest guides thought it probable we should never escape, and even speaking was prohibited, lest the vibration of the air should cause the impending avalanche to fall. Three times we heard cracks looking, but the firing of a pistol—we exchanged looks, but I do not think a word was spoken.

By slow and silent steps we descended, and in less than a quarter of an hour had escaped this awful spot; but after bearing to the left about a quarter of a mile, we heard the fall of the cliff under which we had been standing. Without further difficulty we arrived again on the rock, and at the first Chalet or cottage, left two of our guides, who in consequence of having reached the summit of the mountain, an hour before us, and remaining so long, were quite blind with a violent inflammation in the eyes, from which, however, they had nearly recovered the following day. We arrived at Chamouni about nine o'clock on the morning of the 27th of July, and were welcomed by tenfold its inhabitants; people from all quarters had been attracted to the spot by our adventure.

## SURRENDER OF THE INDIAN CHIEFS.

A letter from Col. McKenny, the Indian Agent of the United States, dated the 4th Sept. at the Fortage, and published in the *National Intelligencer*, affords the following particulars, in brief, of the surrender of *Red Bird*, and *We-Kaw*, two of the Winnebago tribe who perpetrated the murder of Gagner, and scalped a child only eleven months old, (who yet lives) at the *Prarie du Chien*. It appears by the letter that the surrender was made before any movement had been made by the army, and prior to the arrival of Gen. A. at the Fortage; but the tribe was not ignorant of the force which was ready to chastise them. Information had been received the day before of the intention of the band to come in with the murderers on the 5th Sept.—And about noon, they were detected at a distance, advancing to the number of 114, some mounted on horseback, with three flags displayed, two American, borne by two chiefs, and one white, borne by *Red Bird*, who was singing his death song. On reaching the landing *Red Bird* gave two *Scalp Yells*, which very much alarmed the Menominee who were with our troops, and who mistook the yell which indicated that two scalps were to be given, for two to be taken. The band was preceded by Caramine, a Chief, who begged that the prisoners, (who were in the centre) might receive good treatment, and not be put in irons. He objected to making the surrender to the military, but being informed by Major Whistler that it was unavoidable, he appeared contented, and advanced to the front of the centre of the line, some fifteen feet from which seats were arranged, which were occupied by the officers and others.—*Red Bird* and his miserable companion *We-Kaw* halted about ten paces in front, the Indians forming a semi-circle round them. All eyes were fixed on *Red Bird*, who appeared to be about 20 years of age, six feet high, straight, without restraint, face full of expression and interest, without a trace that would justify the suspicion of his being a murderer; exhibiting a happy blending of dignity and grace; great firmness and decision mixed with mildness and mercy.—His well formed head bore no Indian ornament, his hair being cut after the best fashion of civilized life.—His face was painted, one side red, the other a little intermixed with green and white.—Around his neck he wore a wampum collar, with panther claws suspended to it, with strands of various lengths, and a profusion of wampum tastefully arranged. His dress was new, rich and beautiful, of dressed deer-skin, with rich and deep fringe, and his leggings decorated with blue beads, with mosses and corings. He also wore a wide red cloth mantle, indicative of his name, ornamented with white feathers, porcupine's quills, dyed yellow, red and blue, with a tuft of red horse hair.—Across his breast he wore his war pipe, (bound close to his breast indicative of his love of war) highly ornamented, and nearly three feet long. In one hand he held the flag, and in the other the pipe of peace. His white jacket had a piece of red upon it, appearing to indicate the purity of his life, stained with but a single crime. Thus he stood, nor once changed the expression of his face. Directed to sit down, he did so with a grace not less captivating than he walked or stood. The band of the troops played *Wey's* hymn, and *Red Bird* eyed them as if the pensive notes were agreeable to his heart.—He then filled his pipe of peace, lighted it and smoked, sitting cross-legged.

Such is the description of *Red Bird*. While, as a contrast, *We-Kaw*, is described as a miserable butchering-looking, meagre, dirty, crooked fingered, gaunt, hungry, wary, cruel, treacherous, and galloway-servant being—about 45 years old. We have not learned their fate.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION AT THE ISLES OF SHOALS, PRESENT TO THE SOCIETY THEIR SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT.  
At the close of the Report of last year, it was mentioned that *Miss Hannah Penhoby* had been engaged to resume her labors at the Islands. She proceeded immediately to her station, which she reached on the 13th of November, and commenced her work. She has prosecuted it with but little interruption to the present time. The state of the school during the year may be best learned from some extracts from her journal.  
A few days after her arrival, she wrote as follows: "There are now 31 children belonging upon the Islands,—27 of whom are scholars." A little later, speaking of the school, she says, "4 of the children read in the Reader; 11 in the Bible; and 7 in words of two syllables. I have 2 in Arithmetic; 4 have begun to study Grammar; and 4 have begun to commit the New Testament to memory." As specimens of proficiency in committing the Testament, she mentions, "One little girl, eight years old, has proceeded as far as the 2nd chapter of St. Mark; and a little boy, of the same age, as far as the 6th chapter of St. Matthew."

In the course of the winter she adds, "During the first six weeks of the school, the children committed and recited 1010 verses of scripture; 146 answers from catechisms; and 160 verses of Hymns." At the close of the third quarter, about the middle of August, she mentions that, "three of the scholars were studying Geography; and that six had begun to write." And recent verbal communications from her represent that the school has not for some time been so interesting a state as at present, and during the past year. Besides the common school, there has been a Sabbath School; and, for some of the larger scholars, a Bible Class. May we not confidently expect that these opening minds, thus favored with instruction, will reap from it invaluable benefit? Is it too much to hope that some of them will receive from it a new direction to their immortal existence—a direction by which they will avoid endless evil, and secure endless good?

The Directors are happy to state their belief that there appears to be a gradual improvement of morals at the Islands. It is mentioned by your Missionary that the year past has witnessed a diminution in the use of intoxicating liquors, and of evil language. Of her scholars she says, "I am confident there is not her scholars who does habitually use a profane word." Meetings are generally held on the Sabbath, in which discourses are read, and devotional exercises performed. There is some pleasing seriousness manifested by a







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We have given publicity to the following queries, not with any design of shaking public confidence in the Christian school at Dexter, Maine, but that the respected founder of the school may have opportunity to acquaint the public more fully with every particular relating to it. From the character of the writer of the following article, we have every reason to believe that he entertains the most friendly views in relation to so much of the plan of the Christian school as is already before the public.

TO THE PUBLISHERS OF ZION'S HERALD.

Dear Brother,—In the Herald of the 15th of August, I noticed the advertisement of a "Christian School," also an address in behalf of the same, by brother S. Baker. In examining the subject, a few queries arose in my mind, respecting which I wish for information; and I think the public will naturally wish for the same.

1st, Has this school proper officers, for the right management of its funds and concerns—such as suitable committees, a board of managers, &c. 2, If there are such officers, who are they? ought they not to be known to the public? 3, If there are no such officers is it not important to the school that there should be? 4, Would it be consistent to raise funds to support said school, without a proper system of operation, and a suitable number of men, in an official capacity, to manage its concerns?

I hope brother Baker will inform the public relative to these particulars. He calls on the Christian public for ready help; the object is indeed an important one, and deserves support; it seems also important, that we should be assured of stepping safely when we step.

A FRIEND TO CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

American Society for the Promotion of Temperance.

The first annual meeting of the American Society for the Promotion of Temperance will be held in the Vestry of Hanover Church, Boston, on Wednesday the 14th day of the present month, at 7 o'clock, P. M. for the transaction of business. At 7 o'clock in the evening of the same day, there will be a meeting of the society in said church to hear the report of the executive, and such addresses as may be made on the occasion. At the close of the meeting there will be a contribution to the funds of the Society. JUSTIN EDWARDS, Clerk of the Executive Committee.

N. B. As the members of this Society reside in different and distant parts of the United States, editors of newspapers who are friendly to the object of the society are requested to publish this notification.

#### NOTICE.

The Trustees of the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham are hereby notified, that their adjourned meeting will be held on the 21st of November next, at the boarding house of the Institution, at 10 o'clock, A. M. ABEL BLISS, Sec'y.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

#### OBITUARY OF HARRIET SANBORN.

HARRIET SANBORN, the subject of the following little sketch, departed this life on the 29th of October, in her 9th year. She had enjoyed good health until about the first of March last, when, becoming ill, she was taken from school in hopes that a few days would restore her to health and to her studies in which she was making pleasing advances; but she, with whom are the issues of life, saw that it should be otherwise. Her complaint at first was probably a canker on the bowels which ran down a fine constitution and terminated in a consumption.

Nothing extraordinary marked her life till her last sickness. She was like other children and her toys; but as her health gave way a great moral change succeeded; she had been dedicated to God in baptism, instructed in the principles of Christianity, and taught to reverence piety and its professors. She had a fondness for company and continued to visit a circle of friends till her weakness made it dangerous to be in the street. But her visits were now made to a circle of well chosen friends advanced in life, and whom she viewed to be peculiarly good and pious, and when she desired a visit it was usually from those persons.

She had been taught to view the world as the disorderly abode of wretchedness and misery—that troubles and cares increased with life—that to die was but to change the mode of existence—that death would reflect no moral change on the heart, and consequently she would be happy or miserable according to the preparation made in this life. With these views she listened attentively to religious instructions and manifested a desire to be prepared by grace for the society of the blessed. She had been taught that she was depraved and a sinner, and what she had before received as theory she now felt and acknowledged as fact—said she knew she was wicked and that it was just in God to afflict her.

During the revival in March and April, she heard of the happy conversion of many and sorrowed that she was unable to attend meeting. She wished to attend that she might go with others to the altar for prayers, and seemed to suppose that this was the way and place to obtain religion. One evening when all were gone but her mother and herself, at a suitable hour she was advised to go to bed; she took the candle and started; but again stopped hesitatingly, and said I was going to bed, but wanted to say something to you first; being advised to say it she burst into tears and said, "I thought it would be wicked not to mind you and go to bed, but I was afraid to go lest I should die before morning. I want religion, and think more about that than I do about getting well. I am not prepared to die, and want to go to meeting that I may be prayed for and have religion." It was said in reply, that her not going to meeting need not make any difference; we would pray for her at home and God would as readily hear as at meeting. She desired to know in what manner the Lord would most readily hear her, if she said the Lord's prayer or made a prayer herself. After further conversation and instruction she retired. We frequently conversed with her on the subject of religion and death. When asked if she desired to get well, she replied, "I should like to live, but I want to see Father, but I am not very anxious." Finding her much resigned to her situation and having little fear of death, especially in the advanced stage of her sickness, I feared whether she attentively thought of and realized the subject, and once asked her if it did not seem a very affecting thing to leave all her friends and die? She replied, "I know I must go to dust." But does it not seem very awful to think of being put in a coffin and being buried in the ground? This was answered, "my body will be dead, and I think the Lord has forgiven my sins." But why do you think the Lord has forgiven your sins? "Because I do not feel as I used to." At another time I asked her if she thought she loved the Lord. She said "I do not know; I know I ought to love him, and I want to love him, and I would love him with all my heart if I could;" and then asked, "how shall I know if I do love the Lord and have religion? When I had explained her question, she said she thought she felt so; and gave evidences truly rational and striking.

She spoke in tears, but with great composure of the distribution of her books, clothes, and little things. She seemed to have unwavering belief that God would hear her prayers and grant her reasonable desires. When about to attend family prayers, one morning, I asked her if we should pray for her, she answered, "if I am not very anxious." What she said we ask the Lord to do for you? She said "that he would forgive my sins and restore my health if it is his pleasure." She was not yet entirely confined to her bed, but I pass over many little interesting circumstances, lest I extend this narrative beyond its intended limits, and hasten to take a view of her in her last hour. She was unable to walk

alone for nine or ten of her last weeks, though confined to her bed only about a fortnight. On Monday, Oct. 29th, she was very restless during the forenoon. At 1 P. M. on examining her pulse I found her actually sinking into the arms of death; hardly thinking she would observe my words, "said to one present, 'she changes fast and will soon be gone.'" She replied distinctly and with composure, "I am willing it should be so." I afterwards said to her, "my dear, we think you cannot stay but a few minutes—do you feel willing to let go all the world, and leave us?" She answered that she was; I afterwards said to her, do you think your sins are forgiven and that you love God? "Yes, sir." Do you think you can give yourself up to God and trust your all in his hands, and that he will receive you? "Yes, sir."

Her little hands and feet were now becoming cold in death, yet she retained her reason perfectly and knew she was dying, but was not in the least degree terrified or afraid. She answered every question distinctly and composedly as in health. About five minutes before 2 P. M. seeing her in great distress, I said to her, my dear, I hope you will be enabled to have patience; she replied, "I hope so myself." These were her last words. At 2 P. M. she departed in a manner easy, almost beyond what I had thought possible, or even the privilege of mortals.

Thus died little Harriet, aged 8 years, 8 months and 21 days. And now, little children, I have written this partly for you, as many of you knew her in different towns and States, and as I wish all little children to know how happy and blessed a thing it is, and how proper it is for you to study religion and learn to pray while you are young. Little Harriet loved her Sabbath school, and seemed very sorry when unable any longer to attend it; and she sometimes to get lessons and desire me to hear them at home. Many little hymns and verses in the testament in her Sabbath school lessons, she could remember and repeat in her sickness, and one which she sometimes repeated with more than ordinary pleasure is in Mark x. 13—16, where it is said the blessed Jesus took little children in his arms, and blessed them. And now, little children, I desire you may all be good; love your Sabbath schools, your meeting and the blessed Saviour, and be as resigned in your last sickness as was little Harriet, and as happy as we hope she is, now she is gone. J. S.

New Bedford, Mass. Nov. 1, 1827.

#### DOW'S PATENT FAMILY MEDICINE.

As a few impostors, induced by the great celebrity which this medicine has obtained, have counterfeited the genuine preparation, and have sold considerable quantities of a medicine that possesses none of the virtues of that made by the proprietor, it has become the duty of the Rev. Mr. Dow to warn the public against such impostors, and to notify those illegal vendors that he has a patent right for the medicine, and that they expose themselves to a legal prosecution by the sale of the spurious drug.

As a further guard against imposture, the public are informed that the sole agent for the Rev. Mr. Dow in Massachusetts and Maine, is Mr. James Hutchinson, of Boston, residing in the rear of No. 351 Washington street. Mr. Hutchinson, as sole agent, has delegated the right of sale to the Methodist Ministers on the Boston station—No. 15 Friend street—Mr. James Pratt, Marblehead—Elijah Downing, Esq. of Lynn—John Ham, Esq. of Bangor, Maine—the Methodist minister in Portland, Maine—and Dr. Joshua Hubbard, Portsmouth, N. H. The Rev. Mr. Dow has likewise authorized Mrs. S. Bennett, of Newport, and Mr. Bradford, of Providence, to be his only agents in Rhode Island. The medicine obtained of the above named persons may be relied on as genuine, made by the Rev. Mr. Dow himself, and he has communicated the secret of making it to no one, and may be relied on as a safe, salutary, family medicine.

#### FEMALE FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

A discourse will be delivered before the Female Friendly Society on Friday evening next, at the Church in Bromfield Lane, by the Rev. Mr. Madiff; the subject will be, "What shall we do to aid the funds of the Society." Services to commence at seven o'clock. It would be a pleasing consideration if the friends of humanity generally should seize this opportunity to do good.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

##### THEORY OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.

As soon as the phenomena of electricity, and the laws by which they are governed, were tolerably understood, philosophers very naturally had recourse to electricity as affording a very satisfactory explanation of the aurora borealis. The brilliancy of this light, the rapidity of its motion, and the instantaneous changes of form, which it undergoes, all seemed plainly to point to this powerful element as the cause of these striking phenomena. Mr. Hawkes, too, had very early shown, that the electrical fluid assumes an appearance resembling the aurora borealis, when it passes through a vacuum of highly rarified atmosphere. If a glass tube, resembling a chlorine flask in size and shape, be exhausted of air by means of a stop-cock and syringe fixed to its mouth, and be then excited by friction, it will appear filled with a pale light resembling the aurora borealis, which will come and go at intervals, sending forth brilliant flashes, exactly as this meteor does in the heavens. If either end of the tube be presented to the conductor of an electrical machine, the other being held in the hand, a constant stream of pale light will be transmitted through it proceeding from the conductor. M. Canton also contrived to exhibit an imitation of the aurora borealis, by means of electricity transmitted through a glass tube, and hermetically sealed. When one end of the tube is held in the hand, and the other applied to the conductor of an electrical machine, the whole tube will be illuminated from end to end, and will continue luminous as long as the electricity is applied through the hand either way, the light will be uncommonly intense, extending, without the least interruption, from the hand to the other, even throughout its whole length. By this operation, however, a great part of the electricity is expended and kept quite still; but if it be conveyed by the other hand at the same time in a different place, strong flashes of light will be sent forth from one end to the other, which will continue 24 hours, and longer, without any fresh excitation. An aurora borealis, of a considerable height, exhibits these phenomena in a still more striking manner.

Thus we find that a small quantity of electricity, excited in a highly rarified atmosphere, or in a medium approaching to a perfect vacuum, will exhibit luminous appearances entirely resembling the aurora borealis, for a very considerable space of time, with respect to the variations of color which we find in the aurora borealis, these seem fairly ascribable to the different degrees of rarefaction of the air; for the same electricity which appears white in a very rare medium, becomes purple, or red, in a medium of increased density; as is fully evidenced by the following experiment. Let an electrical machine and an air pump be so disposed, that while the machine is worked a succession of strong sparks shall be communicated from the prime conductor to a metallic knob attached to the top of the air pump. Let now the exhaustion of the receiver proceed, and the following experiment will be strikingly exhibited. "Through the air within it, in a visible stream. At first this stream is of a deep purple color; but as the exhaustion advances, it changes to blue, and at length to an intense white, with which the whole receiver becomes completely filled. This experiment would appear to establish the identity of the aurora borealis with electric light; and it may be mentioned as collateral proof of this identity, that the atmosphere is found, by the electrometer, to abound with electricity when the aurora shines forth; that the aurora, when strong, is accompanied with the whizzing or crackling sound of electricity; and that the magnetic needle is evidently disturbed by the aurora, as well as by the action of an electric machine, or by the natural electricity of a thunder storm.—Stillman's Journal.

The Boston Statesman, heretofore edited by Mr. Nathaniel Greene, announces to its patrons that Frederick S. Hill, Esq. will hereafter be associated with Mr. Greene in conducting the editorial department.

Southern Review.—A new periodical, with this title, to be published every three months, is announced as to be com-

menced on the 1st of February, 1828. Terms \$5 per ann. in advance. 250 pages each No. The object and character are thus stated by the publishers:

"It shall be among our first objects to vindicate the rights, the privileges, the character of the Southern States, and to arrest, if possible, that current of misrepresentation which has been directed so stealthily against our country generally, and the South in particular."

"It shall be considered as a paramount duty to watch over the administration of our Federal Government, and to guard against all violations of the Constitution. In our views of that instrument, we shall be guided by no party feelings. We shall endeavor, in all cases, to ascertain its true and genuine significance, and to give it that meaning which it was intended to convey by those who framed it, which it was understood to express by those who adopted it."

"Amidst our exertions, we shall omit no means of diffusing among our fellow-citizens, a knowledge of the improvements of the age, by bringing to their notice the works in which these improvements are detailed, or those which leave, by their intrinsic power, their own impression on the human mind. We shall delight to trace the career of genius, pouring its radiance not only over the barren waste, but over the cultivated scenes of nature and of life; to be the efforts of patient industry building up by useful and untiring labor, an humble but enduring reputation; or birth, in his wondrous hours, disporting with the varying and never-ending train of human frailties."

"To Literature, to Science, to Agriculture, as well as our national and local concerns, our attention shall be unceasingly applied. The assistance of many gentlemen of distinguished talents has already been secured for this Work, and no effort will be spared to enlist such contributors as will render the Southern Review worthy of the patronage of our fellow citizens."

"Gentlemen in any part of the country who may wish the Work transmitted to them by mail, are requested to forward their orders with the amount of one year's subscription, to the Editors, A. B. Miller, in Charleston, S. C."

#### GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

##### FOREIGN.

Spain.—The Apostolical insurgents in Catalonia, are said to be 14,000 strong, are daily increasing, and have committed many robberies and murders. General Monet, with 10,000 men, is marching against them. The insurrection was said to have extended to Valencia, and that there were many Frenchmen, and Italians, and Germans engaged in it.

The French papers of Wednesday, with the Gazette de France dated Thursday, have been received. Their contents relate principally to the affairs of Spain and the proceedings of the Rebels in Catalonia. If any proof were wanting of the inefficiency of Ferdinand's Government, it is to be found in the hitherto unimpeded march of the rebels, who have now established a Regency, and published Proclamations breathing all the fury of Apostolical intolerance, and professing the most slavish subservience to the will of the Absolute King. "Live Religion!—Live the King Absolute!—Live the Inquisition!—Death to the Police!—Death to Masoury and all Secret Societies!"—are the precious ejaculations of the Catalonian Proclamation, and speak pretty plainly what sort of men direct the present insurrection. No mention is made in the French papers of Ferdinand's movements, or whether he really intends to trust his precious person to the ultra loyalty of the Rebels. The conduct of Ferdinand has been altogether so crooked and equivocal that nothing can be inferred from his intentions—we must look solely to his actions. He has left Madrid ostensibly to convince the Rebels that he is at perfect liberty, but he may change his mind before he reaches the scene of action, and betray a deeper purpose than his faithful Ministers yet dream of. The continued inaction of the French army in this state of insurrection is not a little curious. The French are now in possession of the strong holds of Spain, avowedly for the security of the King and the preservation of his Government. How then does it happen that they remain inactive when they behold his Majesty in danger and the tranquility of the kingdom disturbed by the increasing power of the Rebels? Do they wait till matters approach the last extremity, in order to gain more glory by the display of their might, and thus demand the King's gratitude in proportion to the extent of the benefit conferred? A few days will solve the mystery.—London Sun.

BARCELONA, SEPT. 5. The insurgents continue their excursions without encountering any obstacle to their progress, and levy, without opposition, contributions on the towns and villages. Our city is at present like a real Babylon; a considerable number of families leave their homes to take refuge into it. The rebels occupy the whole mountains, the camp of Tarragona, and all the east coast, and they have already advanced as far as Mougat, a village situated a league and a half from Barcelona. While the rebels commit assassinations every day, and are guilty of the most atrocious persecutions towards their fellow countrymen, people are surprised, and with reason, at their having adopted quite a contrary plan of conduct towards the French.

##### RETURN OF CAPT. PARRY.

Capt. Parry, and his companions in the Arctic Expedition, reached London Sept. 29th. The history of this last expedition is brief. Capt. P. after leaving the Discovery ship at the appointed place, off the Spitzbergen coast, took himself to the sledge boats, prepared for his conveyance over the ice, and was out for the space of 61 days; one of the boats being under his own charge, and the other under that of Lieut. Ross. These two boats were hauled over the ice by the crew of the ship, 12 men; and after undergoing incredible fatigue, they felt, for a great part of the time, that they were on floating icebergs which carried them to the southward, while they were straining every nerve to proceed northward, and thus of necessity, they were compelled to abandon the enterprise. During the last 3 days, Capt. P. found, by actual observation, that his boats had gained two miles only.—The expedition arrived at latitude 82, 45, and had it proceeded but 15 miles farther, Capt. P. and his men would have obtained the pecuniary remuneration to which they were entitled on reaching 83; but even this short distance was found to be altogether unattainable by any physical effort. Nearly in the same line they had proceeded, the boats returned to the Hecla, which sailed immediately for home. No lives were lost.

Capt. Franklin, from the Land Expedition, reached London the same day.

##### DOMESTIC.

As an instance of commendable honesty and generosity, we mention that a lad, son of Mr. Benjamin Tilden, of this city, was so fortunate yesterday as to find a wallet, containing \$1100, which had been lost by a young man, son of Mr. Jacob Barstow. As soon as the loss of the latter became known to young Tilden, he repaired directly to Mr. Barstow, and restored the wallet with its contents untouched. In reward for his honesty, Mr. B. presented young Tilden with fifty dollars. Though we doubt not there are many such sons, yet so excellent an example deserves to be made public, for the influence it may have on others.—Patriot.

Capt. Freeman, against whom a verdict of manslaughter was obtained in Boston week before last, has been sentenced to two years and six months imprisonment in jail, and to pay a fine of 100 dollars.

Information is wanted, concerning a certain John Ingraham whether he be dead or alive. The said Ingraham is an Englishman by birth, and emigrated with his wife and children, from Eng. to this country, some 10 years since; and lived for some time in a place called Randlestown, Baltimore county, which place he left about eighteen months after his arrival. His wife returned to England with her children, and he never wrote to or from her since. He is now wanted to be sent to England to ascertain whether the certainty of his being alive or dead. Any person having any information concerning the said Ingraham, will confer a favor by communicating the same to the Rev. John Allen, Unsh, Harford county, Md., or to Mr. Daniel M. Phil, South street, Baltimore city.

A heart rending scene.—On the 12th ult. the house

of Judson Brooks, in Steuben, Oneida county, N. Y., was consumed by fire, and two children perished in the flames. They were left alone by their mother, while she went on an errand to a neighbor's. On her return she saw the house on fire, and alarmed the inhabitants by her shrieks; but it was too late to save the building, or even to rescue her tender offspring from the devouring element.

Conservation.—The conservation of the Reverend Henry U. Onderdonk, D. D. late rector of St. Anne's church, Brooklyn, New York, to be assistant bishop of the diocese of Pennsylvania, during the life of the present venerable bishop, and to succeed him on his demise took place in Christ church, Philadelphia, on Thursday, the 25th ultimo.

Surgery.—A difficult and hazardous operation was performed at the Massachusetts Hospital on Saturday, by Dr. Warren. It was the removal of a wen from the neck of a gentleman of sixty years of age, belonging to a neighboring town. The operation was performed at noon, in presence of a large number of the faculty, who attended to witness the skill of the operator. The wen grew in the side of the neck, and as it enlarged was found to obstruct the free passage of the throat. The unfortunate individual had therefore the choice before him of being starved to death, or of undergoing an operation in which the chances were about equal of giving him relief or proving fatal to his existence. He chose the latter and we understand, throughout the operation, evinced the greatest firmness and self command. The wen was removed in three parts, and late in the afternoon of Saturday the patient was doing well. It was the peculiar location of the wen, which rendered the extracting it a difficult and hazardous operation.—Patriot.

Extraordinary Cure.—On the 21st ult. a negro lad, the property of Mr. Dunstan Banks, near this place, at he was returning from work about dark, was bitten by a rattlesnake, so severely that in a few moments he became entirely blind, and fell down. He was carried to the house of a neighbor, where he lay for some time, but without effect. A messenger was despatched to town for Doctor James Gould, who in about an hour afterwards reached Mr. Banks'. At the time of his arrival, the boy was suffering the most excruciating agony, when he had a common black or junk bottle about half filled with the Spirits of Turpentine, made quite warm, and after scarifying the wound made by the Snake, applied the mouth of the bottle to it, and commenced pouring cold water on the bottle until the contents were perfectly cooled.—In about half an hour, and before the bottle was removed from the wound, the boy became perfectly easy, and fell into a sound sleep. Next day he was able to walk about, and the day following was at work as usual. We would recommend this simple and easy application, as it is in the power of almost every one to procure it sooner than almost any other, and its immediate efficacy is a great consideration. Any spirituous liquors would have the same effect; and even if that could not be immediately procured, warm water would answer a very good purpose.—Tusculum Clinon.

#### REMOVAL.

Dr. Booth has removed from No. 7, Hanover street, to No. 17, opposite Earl's Coffee House, Hanover street.

N. B. Dr. B. is a regular graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of New York, and a member of the Boston Medical Association.

#### MARRIED.

In this city, Capt. William L. Hallen, to Miss Keziah C. Sturges, both of Lanesboro; Mr. Joseph C. Fader, to Miss Margaret Kelly; Mr. Jonathan Ellis, Jr. to Miss Catharine Farbridge; Mr. Richard Baker, to Miss Sarah Fendley; Mr. Perry Brigham, to Miss Hannah Mason; Mr. Aaron Ferris, to Miss Lucinda Jane Bacon; Mr. Joseph H. Buckingham, junior, to Miss Elizabeth B. A. Bird; Mr. Nathan Morgan, of Gloucester, to Miss Martha Broughton, of this city; Mr. Augustus Koppel, to Miss Catharine Allen; Mr. Thomas Daves, to Miss Abigail Smith, of Portland; Mr. Daniel Bass, to Miss Charles Harlow Clark, daughter of the late Mr. Samuel C. of Portsmouth, N. H.; Mr. Horace Fish, merchant, of Charleston, S. C. to Miss Sarah W. daughter of Dr. Alexander Thayer, of this city; Mr. George Fawcett, to Miss Maria W. Rishbrough, daughter of the late Capt. John Rishbrough.

In Sandwich, Mr. Richard Edwards, Jr. formerly of Boston, to Miss Abigail F. Coffin. In Lunenburg, Mass. by the Rev. T. W. Tucker, Mr. Jacob Snow, to Miss Nancy Chamberlain; Mr. Alexander Lewis, to Miss Abigail Holman. In Weymouth, Mr. Alexander Erskine, of Abington, to Miss Rebecca Thayer, of Randolph. In Salem, Mr. Ellis Gray Loring, Esq. of Boston, to Miss Louisa Gilman.

#### DIED.

In this city, Harriet Mann, aged 23 years; Mary Smith, Miss Esther Kennedy, 44; Mr. William Fisk, Jr. 33; Mr. Nathaniel Seaver, 54; Mr. Henry Bowker, 46, widower; Mr. John F. Jones, 25; Mrs. Mary D. Kowse, 25, wife of Mr. Thomas Kowse; Mr. Jonathan Cushing, 64; Mr. John Courtney, 43; Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Mr. John Osborne, 25; In Chelsea, Lieut. Thomas Tewksbury, aged 43. In Marblehead, Mrs. Hannah Barker, aged 91. In Rochester, Mrs. Sarah Lyon, aged 73, formerly of Boston, widow of the late Rev. James Lyon, late of Machias. In Northampton, of varioloid, Mr. Alonzo Simonds, of Boston, aged 24. In Woolwich, Capt. Abner Wade, aged 80. He was an officer in the war of the Revolution. In Providence, R. I. Col. Seth Wheaton, late President of the U. S. Branch Bank in that town, aged 77. In Newbury, the Right Rev. Justus Ely, Bishop of the diocese of Maryland. He was consecrated in 1814. Returning from the consecration of the Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania, his death was occasioned by the oversteering of a stage between Newcastle and Frenchtown, the intoxicated driver of which, endeavoring to pass another stage, drove off the horrid road, and occasioned the distressing event. A lady had several of her ribs broken at the time. In Newfane, Mr. Ferris Fawcett, aged 86. He went into the field after dinner apparently well, where he was found dead. He was one of the brave men who met the British at Lexington and at Bunker's Hill.

#### SHIP NEWS.

##### PORT OF BOSTON.

##### ARRIVALS AND CLEARANCES.

MONDAY, Oct. 28.—Arrived, brig Creole, Loring, New Orleans; Juno, Bouve, Fredericksburg; Alexander, Sparrow, Labrador; scho. Advance, Hovess, New York; Turk, Gouley, do; ship Abella, Heeger, Croustoft and Elmstedt;—Clear, ship Arnold, Hovess, Croustoft and Elmstedt;—Clear, scho. New Orleans; brig Teutels, Gifford, Smyrna; Commerce, Hayward, Mobile. 30.—Arrived, brig Apollo, Simmons, Pillau; Benj. Franklin, Wing, Philadelphia; John Marshall, Drummond, Charles; ship Packet, Haller, Baltimore; Pilot, Miltio, Philadelphia; Hope, Weeks, Havana; Tanworth, Pittman, Fort Venetia; Index, Baker, Maranhao; scho. Alcaid, Ewton,



## POETS' DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

"And the Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone."

When the great builder arch'd the skies,  
And spread their bright cerulean hues,  
And planted thick the orbs of light,  
To shed his beams of glory through—

He made this world in which we dwell—  
A rolling globe, of wondrous size,  
And from its dust brought Adam forth,  
To dwell at ease in Paradise.

But Adam could not well enjoy  
The peaceful seats in Eden's bowers,  
For a companion he had none,  
With whom to pass the tedious hours.

So from his side the Almighty took  
A rib, and from it formed a bride;  
Then sweetly every moment pass'd,  
And nature smiled on every side.

And to this day on every side,  
While passing through the world of strife,  
For bliss, which he can ne'er attain,  
Till he has found a lovely wife.

D. A. T.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## TO AN ABSENT SISTER.

The bright sun of summer hasten'd away,  
The foliage so fair has all faded and gone;  
The gold feather'd songster's melodious lay  
No longer bids welcome the dawning of morn.

Dread winter approaches; and anon will the ground  
Be bound in the fetters of ice and snow;  
While o'er the lone landscape, afar and around,  
The rude breath of Boreas will merciless blow.

Thus, Eliza, the morn of our life must decay;  
Soon the beauties of youth will no longer be ours;  
And (solemn reflection!) each swift passing day  
Brings us nearer and nearer eternity's shores.

Soon Death's icy arms will encircle us round,  
And life's changing scenery for ever will close;  
Soon the flowers of summer will wave on the mound  
That shall tell where our wearied bodies repose.

Yet although these frail systems must moulder and die,  
To the just, we're assured, it is infinite gain;  
For, released from this earth, they ascend to the sky,  
Remov'd far away from all sorrow and pain.

O if once we arrive on those heavenly hills,  
What transports will fill our enraptured souls!  
There joy like the dew of the enquiring distils,  
And pleasure on pleasure unceasingly rolls.

No discord is there; but harmony sweet,  
And love ever glowing prevail in those climes;  
There the ransom'd of God cast their crowns at his feet,  
While each feature with glory and happiness shines.

There friends from each other no longer shall part;  
But for ever will dwell in the regions of day;  
No more will the tears of dependency start,  
For the hand of the Saviour shall wipe them away.

Those lovely abodes, where strains of thanksgiving,  
Throughout the pure regions for ever resound,  
May Eliza inhabit when this earth she is leaving,  
And tread like an angel the hallow'd ground.

For this let us labor; and oh, let us love  
That Saviour who late hath our follies forgiven;  
Ere long he will raise us to mansions above,  
To reign ever blest in the kingdom of heaven.

W. L. HARRIS, Oct. 15, 1827.

The following beautiful hymn, written by Rev. Mr. Pierpont, was sung at the anniversary meeting of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, held in this city 4th October.

Loud o'er thy savage child,  
O God, the night wind roars,  
As howling, in the wilds,  
He bows him and adores.

Thou seest him there,  
As to the sky  
He lifts his eye  
Alone in prayer.

Thine inspiration comes:  
In skill the blessing falls!  
The field around him blooms,  
The temple rears its walls:

And saints adore,  
And music swells,  
Where savage yells  
Were heard before.

To honor Thee, dread Power,  
Our skill and strength combine;  
Our hands, our tongues, and tones,  
Attune these gifts of Thine:

A swelling dome  
For Pride they build,  
For Peace they build  
An humble home.

By these our fathers' host  
Was led to victory first,  
When on our guardless coast  
The cloud of battle burst:

Through storm and spray,  
By these controlled,  
Our navies hold  
Their thundering way.

Great victory our art!  
Our homes, our pictur'd halls,  
Our thronged and busy mart  
That heaves its granite walls:

And shoots to heaven  
Its glittering spires,  
To catch the fires  
Of morn and even.

These, and the breathing forms  
The brush and chisel give,  
With this, when milder wars,  
With that when canvas lives,—

These all combine,  
In countless ways,  
To swell Thy praise:—  
For all are Thine!

## MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

"Twas evening;—the weary traveller had gone to rest. The melancholy, yet happy sound of the whippoorwill was heard to silence, and all around me lay slumbering on the nightly pillow. Nature too had covered herself with a shaded mantle—nothing was heard but the howling of the watchful mastiff. The air was fine and seemed to breathe as the zephyrs of heaven. In the sky was to be seen transient clouds of varied appearance: all was glorious.

My eyes were turned heavenward to meditate on the glories of the better world. I saw a star—its lustre was brighter than its fellows, and as it moved in majesty, it spoke that it was a guide to others.

Now and anon it was covered with the thin and the

thick cloud—again it would burst its confinement, and shed more than its former glory. Night after night I watched its heavenly course—mused upon its brightness; but as I mused it sunk to rest—and its seemed largest at its setting."

I wept that it was gone—the mariner was left without his guide; the pilgrim his companion lost; for as I went it turned, and as I stopped it vanished. It must arise, methought, "after a long and moonless night," it must again come back, arise and shine with greater glory in the better world; it only can have gone to gather up its strength, that it shall never tire, nor again go down.

It is thus with the minister of the sanctuary. He is a light to a world engulfed in the shadows of death—he shines brightest when the earth has covered up the sun; when the master of the world is gone. He moves with steady steps his appointed course—clouds to cover him and temptations lower upon his brow; till, at length, wearied with the toils of life, he sinks to rest, but sinks to rise—in immortality and light, no more to be obscured.

NICANOR.

## THE PREACHING OF JOHN BUNYAN.

It is said of this most ingenious and pious man, that the treasures of literature were never unfolded to his mind. The Bible was his principal library. But with scarcely any other book than this, he was the most eminent minister of his age, if usefulness may be justly considered the standard of eminence. "His name will be venerated and his books be read with admiration and profit, when the names of the *learned divines*, who carelessly and maliciously persecuted him, shall have sunk to merited oblivion."

It is related of the learned Dr. Owen, that on a certain occasion, after having heard John Bunyan preach with much power and spirituality, that on being asked if he had been to hear "the times," he became scoldingly despondent. The doctor replied,—"I have indeed! And if by the surrender of all the human learning which I have acquired, I could preach with the ability and the heavenly unction of Mr. Bunyan, the sacrifice should be cheerfully made."

Bunyan is but one instance, amongst a multitude that could be named, of the talent which might be cultivated, and of the eloquence which might be elicited, by a careful and truly conscientious and religious study of the book of God. The man who in his public ministrations would reason with the most effect, must argue on the principles of revelation. There is presented a system of logic, built on facts relating to God and eternity, which is unerring in all its rudiments, infallible in all its premises, and inflexibly just and correct in all its deductions. He who would arrest the conscience of the bold transgressor, or awaken the stupor of the careless and self-deceived, must pluck his arrows of conviction from the Bible, and aim them, with an eloquence which a deep acquaintance with that book can alone inspire, at the feelings, the sinful habits, and the corrupt and secret propensities of those, whom he would recall to duty and to God.

It is because the models of inspiration are kept out of sight, and are superseded by a courtly mode of address, and a model of argument built on the basis of carnal reasoning, that so little is done by a large portion of modern preachers. They go to the people with much fancied strength; but their pompous remedies that of David, armed with Saul's armor. They return from their labor with dissipation, because they have no lasting impression made on their auditory. Unlike David, they refuse the sling and the stone, a simple dependence on God and the efficacy of his truth, and disappointment is the consequence.

Let us for a moment recur to the preaching of Paul. It was said of him on a certain occasion, that "he was *preached in spirit*," in other words borne down by the burden of a message which he must deliver at his peril, and testified to the Jews that Jesus was "Christ." Notwithstanding the enmity and the persecuting spirit of his hearers, the commission must be delivered to them by Paul, and delivered to the confidence of a faithful witness, who knew that he was telling the truth, and with all the eloquence of a heaven-commissioned messenger, who would announce it with the distinctness, and with the zeal and energy of one, who felt his responsibility, and who would be "pure from the blood of all men."

That sermon too of Peter, which was probably the most convincing and eloquent he ever delivered, par-taken largely of ardor and zeal. He first charged on the consciences of his hearers, their willed crucifixion of the Lord of glory. He then stated to them with clearness, that Jesus was risen from the dead, and was exalted at his Father's right hand; that having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he had made that display of his power and grace, which was witnessed on the day of Pentecost; and that this same Jesus was both Lord and Christ. Their souls excited just alarm; and their anxious inquiry now was, What shall we do?—Here was a most delightful opportunity to preach the gospel; and Peter does not fail to embrace it. His exhorting direction to them is, Repent, and be baptized every one of you, for the remission of sins. There were many who gladly received his word, and were baptized; for the same day there were added to the faithful, about three thousand souls.—*Christian Watchman.*

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

## THE GREEK BETROTHED.

Among the interesting sketches in letters from the Levant, published in the New Monthly Magazine, is the following tale of the fate of two unfortunate Grecian lovers. It has all the interest of fiction added to the thrilling conviction of its truth, and that it is but a true picture of the wretched condition of that unhappy people with whom no resting place is found for the enjoyment of the dearest and most hallowed affections, or for the purity of virgin innocence.—This is but one of the thousand instances of treachery, barbarity and the severance of all human ties, that mark with blood and devastation the course of the ruthless Turk; as he tramples on one of the fairest portions of Creation; once the sanctuary of all that was great, heroic, intellectual and lovely.

A few days after our arrival we were invited to dine with a Greek merchant, with whom the young Sciotie lady, who accompanied us to Smyrna, had taken up her abode. His house was situated in one of the best streets in the Frank quarter, with spacious rooms, and a shady garden in the rear. The fittings-up of the entire was really splendid; and the repast, combining all the luxuries of the country, was conducted with the elegance of European style. Our entertainer had been married to a lady, a native of Florence, who died early, leaving him a son and two daughters. The former had been, at the commencement of the Greek revolution, engaged in business with his father; but his ardent patriotism having induced him to take an active though concealed part in forwarding the efforts of his countrymen, he was denounced to the Pasha of Smyrna, by one of his companions who had been detected, but whose fortitude could not withstand the tortures which were applied to wring from him the secret of his associates; and while at slow intervals his teeth were one by one extracted, and the nails slowly torn from his toes and fingers, he delivered up the names of his accomplices, in order to purchase a speedy death in lieu of the agonies he was enduring. Young Lallala had, however, sufficient time to make his escape, and flying to the mountains above Karabournou, he lay concealed, till, reaching a British vessel in the straits of Scio, he was landed at the Ionian islands, and had thence reached the Morea, and openly espoused the cause of the struggling insurgents. Nearly five years had now elapsed since his flight, and, with the exception of vague rumors, no news of his situation or fortunes had ever reached his family, till one night, about a month pre-

vious to our arrival, he entered the house of his father, by a back passage from the garden. The joy of his return was, however, quickly clouded by the consciousness that his discovery by the Turks would ensure not only his own, immediate slaughter, but the destruction of his entire family for having dared to give him shelter or protection; he was accordingly concealed even from the domestics, in one of the most secluded parts of the house, and his society only enjoyed at intervals and by stealth.

Almost from birth, and frequently previous to it, the children of the Greeks are contracted in marriage by their parents; nay, such betrothals have been known even before the parents themselves have been introduced into the world. From infancy, those destined for each other are brought up and educated in the anticipation of their future union, till custom and duty have strengthened, mutual affection by long habit and association. Instances of such contracts being dissolved by common consent of the parties are seldom heard; but were one individual, even under the most unpropitious circumstances, to break the long cherished alliance, the act would stamp him with clerical infamy. A motive of this kind had caused the return of the young patriot; he had long been betrothed to the daughter of a merchant of Smyrna, and a sentiment of fond affection had sanctioned the choice of his parents: his flight from his home had not taken with so much precipitation as to prevent him from taking adieu of his bride, and giving her assurances of his future return to claim her, and fly with her to some more peaceful home, beyond the reach of their tyrants. He had now redeemed the promise, and was about to conduct her to Lehigh, where he had made arrangements for opening a mercantile house in conjunction with a countryman and correspondent of his father's, long resident in Tuscany. He had arrived several months before in an European vessel, under the disguise of a seaman; but, fearing to land during the commotions then reigning in Smyrna, he was obliged to remain during some weeks in hourly danger on board, until sight of his dearly beloved home, his presence, or to set a foot on its treacherous shore, and at last, after tedious watching and anxious delay, he was obliged again to put to sea, and bid it a second reluctant farewell.

The vessel now carried him to Beirut, Jaffa, and finally to Alexandria, from whence he was obliged to beg his way from one vessel to another, to Lehigh, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, where he once more embarked for Smyrna. After many a narrow chance, he at last landed during a stormy night at an obscure part of the bay, and by the utmost caution and concealment at length succeeded in reaching his father's house. He had now made all his arrangements, and was to sail in a few days with his bride in an Austrian vessel for Trieste, should he be enabled to elude his enemies till the time of his departure.

The daughters of the old gentleman were two of the most beautiful girls I had seen in the Levant; their costume was rather of the Italian than Greek taste, but combined the elegancies of both; their light silk dresses were made to suit accurately to the figure, instead of flowing loosely and gracefully as in the Morea. A slipper with a high heel, such as are generally worn in the north of Italy, richly embroidered, and covered all the front of the foot, showed to full advantage a delicately tured ankle, through a stocking of netted silk fine as a gossamer, whilst their turbans of transparent gauze ornamented with a glittering aigrette and a wreath of golden flowers, rather enhanced than soothed the glossy ringlets which flowed over a brow fair as polished marble. Their accomplishments too had not been neglected, and I never heard the songs of Greece sung so enchantingly as when, breathed by their sweetly toned voices, accompanied by a guitar, to some of the native airs of Britain, and especially to Mozart's delicious one, of "Life let us cherish," which seems an universal favorite with the Greeks. Their manners seemed to be a combination of the three classes with whom they associated,—the grace of the Italian, the sprightly vivacity of the Greek, and the stately tenderness of the Ottoman; and a tinge of melancholy cast an universal interest over the three. The dress of the male portion of the company was European; their national costume being laid aside, either from choice, or for protection against the casual insults of the Turks.

The son of our host did not make his appearance, nor was his name mentioned by any; and in fact it was only on a third visit that we learned his tale.—The conversation during the day presented a fair specimen of the varying and camelion-like character of the people; taking a tinge from every topic, and verging in an instant from grave to gay, from lively to severe; whilst every change of temperament was carried to an extreme of gayety or sadness, though the former generally prevailed. The females seemed to monopolize all the melancholy of the party: continued terror and reiterated scenes of horror and of dread appeared to have damped their natural brightness; they spoke often of their awful situation; in the midst of an infuriated enemy, where the moments of rejoicing for the successes of their countrymen were those when they had most to dread from the brutality of their masters. They knew not the hour when the caprice of their governors might consign them to the fate of Scio, which hundreds of their friends and relatives had already shared, and when the orders of the Divan had the vigils of the guards rendered escape from Smyrna almost an impossibility, which nothing but despair could urge them to attempt, and detection in which, without another crime, would itself condemn them to slavery or slaughter. The intervals in such accounts as these and the freezing tales with which they illustrated them, were filled up with amusements as lively as they were depressing, and songs and music passed the time till a late hour, when we took our departure and put off to spend the night in our births on board.

A few evenings before our departure from Smyrna, we had gone out in a boat, after sunset, to observe a curious method of fishing at night, practised by the Smyrniots in the shallows of the bay. A small vessel of charcoal and burning sticks is suspended over the boat, and by striking the water with a hollow stick from the stern, the fish attracted by the light, are driven into the net attached to the boat. Induced by the calmness of the night, and the numerous fires which were floating on every side around us, we had passed to about two or three miles distance from the beach, and were rowing about, to enjoy the cool breeze which set in at sunset, and by the help of which a little vessel was at times off and on in the roads, apparently awaiting the arrival of something from shore to put to sea. It was nearly midnight when we returned to our vessel in the bay, and were quietly pulling towards her when we heard through the gloom the noise of oars and the foaming of a boat through the waters, in a moment it shot past us like a dolphin, but the next the oars were backed, and with a hissing swirl she drew alongside us, and a few Turkish soldiers bounced on board as we were starting up to our defence, when, finding we were not the persons they sought, they uttered a few words of Turkish in apology, and withdrew: their boat again shot across the water with the rapidity of an arrow, whilst we reached our vessel busied with vague conjectures as to the cause of this abrupt and singular interruption. Morning, however, brought its explanation. On going on shore, we learned that information had been received by the Pasha of the intended flight of a party of Greeks from the city, and the officers in the Turkish boat had been sent to intercept them. It appeared that the commander of an Austrian vessel, in which they were to be conveyed, had given notice of their intention to the government, (for the sake of a trifling reward, after having already been paid a considerable sum for their passage) and received on board the little portion of their property which they had been enabled to secure. The fugitive had been concealed in an obscure part of the bay when his boat had been sent to take them, but instead of bearing them on board his own brigantine, he carried them in the course of the Turkish barge,

as had been previously arranged. As the Moslems, however, drew near the young man was the chief of the party, perceiving that they were betrayed, and that escape was impossible, started from his seat, and plunging his yataghan in the breast of the treacherous Austrian, sprang with a girl who sat beside him into the waves. He sank instantly; but, unfortunately, the dress of the lady kept her above the water till drawn out by the Turks, and reserved to a deadlier fate. From all the circumstances of the affair, it was evident that the individual who had perished was the unfortunate son of our amiable Greek friend, who had been thus accepting a flight with his bride; and our anticipations received a melancholy confirmation, when, on hastening towards their dwelling, we found it surrounded by Turkish soldiers; but, apparently, the inmates had fled: whether they had directed their wandering steps, we never learned.

But such is the life of the Smyrniot Greek. A few evenings before, we had been with them in their garden, amidst songs and smiles of joy and merriment; they had now gone from that happy home for ever, with the consciousness that their return, even at the most distant period, must be to indignity and death."

## YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

The following pious and eloquent sentiments are extracted from the "Youth's Companion," a handsome and cheap weekly paper, published in this city, designed for children and young persons. It is printed at the office of the Recorder and Telegraph—it abounds in beautiful selections—well written original articles, and will be a pleasant and useful companion to all who desire one for the winter evenings that are hastening on.

## FILIAL DUTIES.

Last week, we said a few words to our youthful readers in regard to the duties of children to their parents. But we proceeded no further than to describe the *spirit* or *disposition* of mind which belongs to them, and from which all actions and words of filial obedience should proceed. In this paper we propose to discuss *reasons* why children should feel thus; *why* they should love and reverence their parents.

1. Because of their age and character. You reverence the hoary head of a stranger, and rise up respectfully in the presence of the aged, and wise, and good. You feel respect for younger men, if they are ministers of the Gospel, or magistrates, or persons of great learning or piety. For the same reason you should reverence your parents. If they are not aged, they are much older than yourselves. In tender infancy you knew nothing but what they taught you. Since, though you have increased in knowledge and stature, they have advanced towards old age and gray hairs. And it is highly becoming that your filial respect and affection for them should increase in proportion. It is to be hoped that all your parents so live and conduct, as to inspire that respect in your bosoms, and duly to attach you to them by the stronger cord of love.

2. Because your parents love you. Their affection is peculiar, and without a parallel in strength; especially a mother's love. It commenced with your very being; and caused them hours of distress, and whole days and nights of watchfulness and anxiety, long before you were conscious of the fact. You have been nurtured in their bosom, and borne in the arms of their tenderness and care, all the days of your life. They have supplied your wants, relieved your distresses, soothed your sorrows, carried your burdens, endured your follies, covered your faults, and forgiven your transgressions. If their love to you can excite affection in return, or their unwearied kindness can command your feelings, you will requite your parents with affection, gratitude and respect while they live; and when their heads are laid under the clouds of the valley, you will treasure their memory in your inmost heart, till your own powers of memory depend upon it.

3. Because the peace of families depends upon it. Order is necessary to peace; and order cannot be preserved without subjection to authority. Nature itself teaches that the parent should be voluntary, not constrained; otherwise it is not acceptable with God or men. While the government of your parents should be mild and easy, the result of *parental* love your obedience should flow from *filial* affection and respect.—The child that loves his parents, will love to obey them; and thus the law of love will regulate the house, and there harmony and joy will dwell.

4. God requires it. God established the relation of parent and child, and implanted in our nature and affection which is peculiar to each. And it is only by violating the law of our nature, and by sinning against our Creator, that the parent can forsake the child, or the child become ungrateful and unfeeling towards his parent. The law of our nature is renewed and enforced in the Bible. On the tables of stone, and among his great commands, God has said to every child, *Honor thy father and mother*. Every where, in his holy word, does he inculcate the filial spirit, and require filial obedience. Remember where he shows that life is angry with those who are rebellious children, and in the day of judgment, You cannot be the friends and children of God, without loving and reverencing your parents. When you alienate your affections from them, you revolt from them, you revolt from all the order deeply into the spirit of the fifth commandment, and find in your happy experience that it is indeed a commandment with promise, and that He who has promised cannot lie. May you know the blessedness of filial affection and obedience; and enjoy the ardent love, and counsel and prayers of pious parents. And if your days are not literally long upon the earth, may you meet those dear and honored friends around the throne of God. May they and you belong to the whole family of God in heaven and earth, which shall dwell forever in His presence, and be happy in his favor.

## SAILORS' DEPARTMENT.

## HORRORS OF A SEAFIGHT.

From the Narrative of Guillemand, a Sergeant of Marines, on board the French Admiral's ship the Redoubtable, in the battle of Trafalgar. This man claims the merit of having sent the fatal bullet into the breast of Nelson.

Mean while, an English 80 gun ship placed herself along side of the Redoubtable to put it between two fires; and a French ship of the same force placed itself abreast of the Victory, to put it in the same situation. There was then seen a sight hitherto unexampled in naval warfare, and not since repeated—four vessels all in the same direction, touching each other, dashing one against another, intermingling their yards and fighting with a fury which no language can adequately express. The rigging was abandoned, and every sailor and soldier put to the guns, the officers themselves had nothing to provide for, nothing to order, in this horrible conflict, and came likewise to the guns. Amidst nearly four hundred pieces of large cannon, all firing at one time, in a confined space—amidst the noise of the balls, which made furious breaches in the sides of the Redoubtable—amongst the splinters which flew in every direction with the speed of projectiles, and the dashing of the vessels which were driven by the waves against each other—not a soul thought of anything but destroying the enemy, and the cries of the wounded and dying were no longer heard. The men fell, and if they were any impediment to the action, their companions pushed them aside with his foot to the middle of the deck, and without uttering a word, placed himself with concentrated fury at the same spot where he soon experienced a similar fate.

In less than half an hour our vessel, without having hauled down her colors, had in fact surrendered. Her fire had gradually slackened and then ceased altogether.

er. The mutilated bodies of our companions covered the two decks, which were covered with broken cannon, matches still smouldering, and shattered timbers. One of our thirty-six pounders had burst towards the close of the contest. The thirteen men who had been killed by the splinters, and who were hurled together round its broken carriage. The decks laid between the different decks were watered and destroyed; the mizzen mast and mainmast had fallen, and encumbered the deck with blocks and pieces of rigging. Of the boats placed forward on the sides of the vessel, there remained but one, and some scattered planks. Not more than a hundred and fifty men survived out of a crew of eight hundred, and almost all these were more or less severely wounded. Capt. Lucas was one of the survivors.

It was five o'clock when the action ceased. I was over the ship, where every thing presented a prospect of desolation. Calm despair was painted on the countenances of those who had escaped from the terrible scene, where I had just made my military debut.

## OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## MISS ABIGAIL LORD.

We have been visited by the providence of God with a solemn and impressive dispensation, the death of a virtuous and pious woman, who had been long sketching the lives of those who were engaged in the virtuous lives, and the grace of God reigning in the world is a common propensity to exaggerate in the favor. I hope, however, to be enabled to write a portion.

Abigail Lord departed this life in Ipswich, Mass. October 8, 1827, aged 25. She was the daughter of Mr. Daniel B. Lord, and was called, while young, part with her mother. The cares of the family, the devolving upon her, the amiable character of her disposition, which much endeared her to that circle in which she moved. She was of a lively, animated cast of mind; she possessed and enjoyed the pleasures of the world, like the rest of her associates, but in all she was not happy; in vain she sought for happiness from the world; her heart was unweakened; her conscience accused; the Spirit of God strove with her, yet she turned a deaf ear until the age of twenty, when under the faithful labors of the Rev. Amos Waitt, she was brought to feel her lost condition. The bitterness of soul she cried to God for help, and she was willing to resign herself and all she had to the hands of her Saviour she found salvation. The she could say one half was never told her. Christ in all in all; she made religion her business, and maintained her profession with that meekness and humility which endeared her to her friends, and especially to the church of which she was a worthy member.

She had an acquaintance with her for more than one year. In visiting her brother, who died of the same disorder with which she died, I saw close traces in her Christian character that gave a lustre to the grace of God displayed in her soul. In April last, she was alarmed about her health and began to feel, as so secret was the disorder that strong looks of recovery were excited by her friends, but she felt the consumption fixed its firm grasp, and she felt away before it. If religion could deliver from temporal death, Abigail would not have died; but we must die. It was a long time before she felt perfectly resigned to depart. But by the grace of God she was enabled to give herself, and her all into his hands, and to enable her to endure with Christian fortitude and patience, the will of God, triumphing over all, while looking unto Christ who was the author and finisher of her faith, her only hope. Through Jesus she was more than conqueror; although subject to depression of mind through her disorder, and thus subjected to many temptations, all which she bore with that firm, steady trust in God, that all who visited her could behold the power of divine grace. It was a happy witness on the minds of those she has left behind. Often while visiting this dear sister, my own heart has been stirred up and my soul quickened to greater diligence in serving God. I can truly say that "my soul has been greatly animated to labor and press on for the prize."

A few weeks before her death she said to me, I had thought the blessing of perfect love I should never know here, it was too great a blessing for such an unworthy creature as I am, but now I know what it is to love God with all my heart, and to feel nothing contrary to the love and will of God in my heart. In this faith she continued to rejoice for the most part of her time; yet Satan was unwilling to let her go, he assaulted and tried her; she had her last contest with him about one week before she departed, in which the grace of God was sufficient for her. I was called by her request between the hours of one and two in the morning to receive her last testimony. She said to me, "do you think this is death?" I said, I thought it was. "Glory to God, if it is," said she. She selected the first chapter of Revelations, and fourteen verses. "And he said to me these are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." "I said, 'you ever mention my unworthy name, and my young friends, let it be to exhort them to seek after the Saviour as I have done.' She then said, 'come, Lord Jesus; come quickly; why tarryest thou? why desides his chariot wheels angels?' Her strong trust of body was great; she said the scene of life full prospect of a glorious immortality, in the morning of life. She has left weeping parents to mourn the loss of an affectionate and worthy child—a sister and brother, a loved sister, and the church, a worthy member. She lived respectably, and died bled her. She has left a large circle of friends to lament her loss with tears of regret for her early death. O, may this be a call to all who may read this, beholding the grace of God in her, to press forward.

Ipswich, Oct. 22, 1827.

Do Something.—I have often had occasion to observe, that a warm blundering man does more for the world than a frigid wise man. A man who gets into the habit of inquiring about prophecies, and prophecies, and occasions, often spends his whole life in doing nothing any thing to purpose. The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that everything seems to do it—Do it—Do it—Do it.

A Calabrian Response.—The Rev. Ralph Erskine one of the first of the seceders from the Kirk of Scotland, on a certain occasion paid a visit to his brother Ebenezer. "Ye come in a good time, man, I have an examination today, and ye maun tak' it," said Ebenezer. "Ye'll find a' my folk easy to examine, but I'll reckon ye had better no meddle wi' it." He has our auld-fashioned, Scotch way of answering a question, by putting another, and may be he'll offend ye." "Afront me," quoth the indignant theologian. "de ye think he can foil me wi' my aye warms?" "Awed," said his brother, "Ise gie ye fair warning, ye had better no ca' him up." The recusant was Walter Simpson, the vulcan of the parish. The gifted Ralph, indignant to the last degree at the bare idea of such an illiterate clown chopping divinity with him, determined to gravel him at once with a grand, leading unanswerable question. Accordingly, after putting a variety of simple, preliminary interrogatories to the minor clod hoppers, he said at once, with a loud voice, cried out, "Walter Simpson?" "Here, sir," said Walter, "are ye in want of me?" "Attention, sir! Now Walter, can you tell me how long Adam stood in a state of innocence?" "Aye, till he got a wife," cried the anvil-hammerer; "and can ye tell me," he added, "how long he stood after?" "Sit down, Walter!" said the discomfited diviner.



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